

› Call Signs

Tell them young boys they ain't messin' with me

Justice

N***as on TV, they hella fake

It ain't nothin' but a thang for a soldier to do

It ain't nothin' but a thang, it's the moment of truth

Put the message in the slang to the street from the booth

We gon' hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

It ain't nothing but the real, you've got nothing to fear

It ain't nothing but the real, but how many can hear?

True Justice on the wheels, keep the feeling sincere

When we hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

[Verse 1: XienHow]

They didn't think that I was ready for all that

But I a**ure 'em and then they just fall back

They ain't ready for the level I've gone bad

There's lions, and tigers, and then there are small cats

I'm headhuntin' for the head of the horsemen

Can't nobody say that I did not warn them

'Cause I'm not in it for the money and fortune

I'm only after who ain't paid for their portion

[Verse 2: Paris]

Now I blast and catch actors fast, I smash b*st*rd's backs

And snatch masks, the fake, they fall back

Who could see me when I rough 'em up

Stick 'em, I stuck 'em, snuff 'em

Corrupting the quo status, tellin' 'em who the baddest

True J-u st-ice, mack major

Play the mix, faders flick, we raid, blitzin'

Cold, but you ain't never seen it colder than, bolder than

Put my mack down, soldierin', n***a, snap a photo then

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[Verse 3: XienHow]

Now who could say that I do not handle business?
When everything that I have started I finish?
And I will do it just to say that I did this
The government wants me quiet and timid
They want me working that 9 to 5
So I ain't never gotta use my mind
And they don't want me telling you what I find
They wouldn't mind having me doing some time

[Verse 4: Paris]

Uh-oh, now there they go, we move in slow
Blast fast, and mash, mathematics'll smash past
The av-er-age plans of these off brand emperor
No-clothes havin' a** hip-hop simpletons
You in the presence of the general, ask 'em
Who the coldest motherf**ka on the microphone rappin'?
P-dog in this b*t*h, never slippin' or switched
Never missin', a prime hitter, get 'em, I get witcha

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[Verse 5: XienHow]

In the fight for the battle for truth, we face all kinds
There are warriors ready to answer Call Signs
Now that they got us online
They are saying my future's no longer all mine
I don't think inside a small mind
I envision a future that is beyond time

I will hit all the hard lines
I'ma take it straight to 'em to get 'em all eyes
[Verse 6: Paris]
I'm rough on 'em, like that, I cuss on 'em, like that
I bust on them cats that make the rap that make us like that
I fight back and write tracks that captivate with tight raps
With kick drums that smack, complement the clap and high hats
And ask 'em, stop and take a look at our condition
Take time to listen, cause sedition is the mission
Wishin' death upon my enemies, defendin' the line
It's a sin to me we finna be completely resigned, open up ya eyes

[Verse 7: ?]
What ya doin', don't try to hold me back
Tired holdin' back, I'm about to get my Glock
And attack you, don't get in my way
'Cause it's a new millennium, it's a brand new day
Got my n***as, fake a** n***as
Here, we're done you all n***as
How many times I pull to gun dem out?
Why, why why why why why?

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Why write it if you ain't f**kin' livin'

Justice

Yo, we are now
Stepping into
Revolution
XienHow
Paris
Evolution

Of the mind